Eu'n in this thought through the dark-night he ſtea-
A captiue victor that hath loſt in gaine; (leth,
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The ſcarre that will diſpight of Cure remaine,
Leauing his ſpoile perplext in greater paine.
 Shee beares the lode of luſt he left behinde,
 And he the burthen of a guiltie minde.

Hee like a theeuiſh dog creeps ſadly thence,
Shee like a wearied Lambe lies panting there,
He ſcowles and hates himſelfe for his offence,
Shee deſperat with her nailes her fleſh doth teare.
He faintly flies ſweating with guiltie feare;
 Shee ſtaies exclayming on the direfull night,
 He runnes and chides his vaniſht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heauy conuertite,
Shee there remaines a hopeleſſe caſt-away,
He in his ſpeed lookes for the morning light:
Shee prayes ſhee neuer may behold the day.
 For daie, quoth ſhee, nights ſcapes doth open lay,
  And my true eyes haue neuer practiz'd how
  To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They